

Christian Secretary.

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"WHAT THOU SEEK, WRITE—AND SEND UNTO THE CHURCHES."

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TERMS.

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The Last of Kirwan's Second Series.

TO ALL, ESPECIALLY TO IRISH ROMAN
CATHOLICS.—No. X.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—But a few years since, a Christian minister in India, in the pursuit of the objects of his holy mission, met with a Hindoo devotee. A noontide sun was pouring its burning rays from a burning sky, upon the burning sands on which the meeting took place. From its heat the devotee had no protection save the piece of cloth which hung around his loins. He wore a pair of sandals pierced with iron nails, which at every step penetrated the muscles and nerves which are so wonderfully collected and interwoven in the soles of the feet. His sandals were filled with his blood, which marked his every footstep. He was an object of pity to behold—his body blistered by the sun, his hair matted with filth hanging around his head, his feet swollen, bleeding and painful, almost refusing to move. The missionary asked him why he wore those sandals, and why he subjected himself to such intense suffering? He replied, that he had committed great sins which were greatly offensive to the gods, and that in order to secure the forgiveness of those sins he wore those sandals, and cheerfully submitted to all his sufferings.

Filled with compassion for the deluded man, the minister of God told him that he could show him a way in which he could secure the forgiveness of his great sins without those sandals, and without subjecting himself to such terrible sufferings. "Is there such a way, and if so, what is it?" exclaimed the devotee with the most intense interest. "There is such a way," replied the missionary; and taking his Bible, he read to him and expounded the following passage: "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John iii. 16. He told the poor deluded man of the sins of men—of the love of God in giving his Son to die for those who should believe on him—of the birth, and sufferings, and death of Jesus Christ—and he especially dwelt upon this one, great, glorious, and scriptural idea, that he that believes on the Lord Jesus Christ shall be saved. The devotee heard with amazement. He believed. He rejected the false religion of his fathers, though sanctioned by a thousand ages. He renounced submission to his priests and their traditions. He flung from him his nailed and bloody sandals, by walking in which he supposed he was saving his soul by the tortures of his body. He received Christian baptism at the hands of the man of God that taught him the more excellent way, and lived and died in the faith and hope of the gospel.

In many respects, your circumstances, Roman Catholics, widely differ from what were those of this Hindoo devotee. You live in a land, and in an age of light. You form parts of a great community, which is penetrated in every direction by moral and religious influences. And yet in many respects your circumstances are like unto his. You are deluded by priests—who believe in their ghostly power, and your soul submits to it—you are looking to your confessions and penances, and austerities for salvation—you are excluded from the light of the Bible—with all its simplicity and honesty you pray to saints and to the virgin; and perform all that is laid upon you by your father confessor, and in this way, through the religion of the priest, and not through the religion of the gospel, you hope to get to heaven. But you are deceived. Your hopes are honest, but they are built upon a wrong foundation. It is not by doing or suffering, but by believing, that we can attain unto the salvation of the soul. "He that believeth on the Lord Jesus Christ shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned." "He that believeth on the Son hath life." Roman Catholics! my brethren and kinsmen according to the flesh, follow, then, the example of the Hindoo devotee. Give up your beads, and your Agnus Dei—your penances and ritual observances—your crosses, your confessions to men, and your holy water; and go to your Bibles and to the Saviour of the Bible. What all your rites and observances can never accomplish, simple faith in Jesus Christ accomplishes, and in a moment faith frees itself upon a crucified Christ.

That you may see this clearly, permit me to state to you another incident. When our Lord was put to death, the wicked Jews, the more deeply to degrade him, caused him to be crucified between two thieves.

One of these saw, in the convulsions of nature around him, the evidences of the divinity of Him who was hanging by his side on the cross; and whilst his companion in wickedness derided and blasphemed, he cried out from the depths of a convicted and believing soul unto Jesus, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." The following is the reply of the Saviour: "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." Here, you see, my friends, are no penances—no prayers to saints—no holy water—no olive oil, blessed on Monday-Thursday—no purgatory; it is simple faith in Jesus Christ, then death, and then paradise, which is only another name for heaven! What was it that opened heaven to this dying thief, and gave him admission to his happy mansions, as one of the redeemed of the Lord? It was simply faith in Jesus Christ. "He that believeth in the Lord Jesus Christ shall be saved." And the faith which opened heaven to the dying thief will open it to you. Faith is the key that opens heaven to your souls, and not baptism, nor the eucharist, nor penance, nor extreme unction. Give up, then, your crosses and your pictures, and your dependence upon saints and sacraments, and go to Jesus Christ for yourselves, with true hearts say, "Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief," and life, eternal life, is yours.

That you may see this clearly, permit me to state yet another incident. The Apostle Paul never said a mass in his life—he never changed a wafer into the body and blood of Christ—he never sent a poor sinner to pray to a saint or virgin—he never went into a little box, or a dark room, to hear confession. He was a simple warm-hearted preacher, and in his day, labored to impress upon the minds of men these two truths—that Jesus Christ was the promised Messiah, and that all that believe in him would be saved. Now, we learn from the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, that Peter preached to the multitude assembled at Jerusalem to keep the feast of Pentecost, with great power. He mightily convinced them, from the scriptures, that God had made the Jesus whom they crucified both Lord and Christ. Convicted of their deep sinfulness by his powerful preaching, and by the Holy Spirit, multitudes crowd around him, asking "What shall we do to be saved?" What does he say in reply? Does he tell them to go to confession—or to do penance—or to fast on Lent, or on Fridays? Does he send them to the saints, to ask their intercession? Nothing like this. What, then, does he say? "Repent, and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." They obeyed; that is, they forsook their sins—they believed in Jesus Christ—they were baptized in his name—and on that occasion three thousand souls were added to the Church.

My dear Roman Catholic friends, I once suffered just as you now do, because of my utter ignorance as to the way of forgiveness with God. I was taught all about confession, and confirmation, and penance, and saints' days, and fastings, and holy water, and saying, "Hail Mary." I looked upon the priest as the door-keeper of heaven, without whose permission there was no admittance. But I knew nothing about the Bible, and was taught nothing about the work of Christ for the sinner, nor about the work of the Spirit in him. In great mercy, and in the way stated in my letters to Bishop Hughes, I became a reader of the Bible; and to my utter amazement, I found there taught, with perfect plainness, the way of salvation, which the priests had wrapped up in mystery inextinguishable. The wayfarer man, though a fool, may understand the way in which a soul may be saved, as taught in the Bible—it is beyond the comprehension of Gabriel, as taught by your priests. Do any of you ask, as did the heathen jailor of Philippi, when terrified by the effects of the crashing earthquake, "What shall I do to be saved?" Permit me, as a friend, who has no object in view but your temporal and eternal good, to place before you what I regard as the scriptural answer to this momentous question.

1. You must feel that you are a sinner, exceedingly, in the sight of God. The Bible teaches us that we are sinners by nature and by practice. It is one thing to believe this—it is another to feel it. You must feel it. No man ever sends for a physician until he feels that he is sick. The people to whom Peter preached never asked what they should do to be saved, until "they were pricked in their heart."

2. You must feel and know that there is no way of securing the pardon of your sins, but through the redemption there is in Christ Jesus. We are expressly taught, "There is no other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." Acts iv. 12. This is an idea that your mind must grasp with all its powers; and which you are in danger of letting slip, because of the way and manner in which you have been instructed as to the efficacy of sacraments, and priestly manipulations, and ritual observances.

3. You must believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. This is the end and the sum of all the instructions of the New Testament to sinners. This is the commandment of God, that ye believe in the name of his Son.—Faith brings you into a living union with Christ, for whose sake alone you are accepted and saved.

Here, then, we have the true answer to the question, "What shall I do to be saved?" You must feel that you are a sinner; and you must feel that none but Christ can save you; and in heart and soul you must cordially receive him, as made unto you of God wisdom and righteousness, and sanctification and redemption. A sense of sin will induce you to seek for its remedy.—Christ crucified, bearing the sins of his people, in his own body on the tree, is God's remedy for sin. And believing in Christ is the application of the remedy.—And believing in Christ, should you die the very next hour, your soul would be cleansed by his atoning blood, to join the general assembly and Church of the first-born in heaven.

Need I stop, ere I close this letter, to place in contrast before you the gospel plan of salvation with the plan of your priests? Must not the contrast strike yourselves, as you read and ponder? You ask what you must do to be saved? The priest tells you to confess—to do penance—to pray to the saints—to keep Lent—to eat no meat on stated days—to go to mass—to torture your body. And when all this is done, when you come to die you must be anointed with olive oil, blessed on Maundy-Thursday. Nor will this do. You have then to go to purgatory, to atone for your venial sins by your own suffering, unless you are brought out by the arms and suffrages of the faithful, in paying for masses for your deliverance! What a long, and complicated, and expensive process! And after all, there is no telling the time when the suffrages of the faithful, or the masses of the priests, will secure your deliverance from purgatorial fires! What a dark and fearful prospect!

In the face of all this, the blood of Christ cleanses from all sin; and that who so ever believes in the Lord Jesus Christ shall be saved. "It offers you a free, a full, a perfect salvation, and without any priestly interferences, and without money and without price."

Can you hesitate a moment between the plan of the priest and the plan of the gospel? The one debases you as a man—makes you the slave of the priest, and cheats you of heaven; the other addresses you as a moral and intellectual being—sends you to the cross for yourself—gives you free access to God, and secures for you eternal life.

Irish Roman Catholics! would that I could induce you to look at this great subject in the light of the Bible. It is intimately connected with your temporal and eternal interests, and with the interests of unborn generations. When a boy, I often heard, and never but with burning indignation, of the magistrate, the tool of British power, entering the houses of the Irish suspected of disaffection, and tearing from its frame the speech of Emmet, made in reply to the question of the blood-thirsty Judge that tried him, "What he had to say why the sentence of death should not be passed against him according to law?" The British ministry felt that that speech fostered the spirit of freedom in the Irish bosom, and made every man that read it to resolve, at whatever expense, to be free; and they destroyed every copy of it that could be found, and forbade its publication. As my kindred were among the disaffected ones, I felt it to the quick, and so feel it yet. And what, think you, must be my feelings now, in the vigor of my manhood, when I see, in this free land, the descendants of those who fought at Vinegar Hill, and at Tara, permitting individuals calling themselves the priests of the religion of God, to enter their houses and take away their Bibles, and to forbid them, by the terrors of eternity, to think for themselves, on the most important of all subjects connected with their being! It is the very feeling that prompted the British spies to destroy the speech of Emmet, that now prompts your priests to destroy your Bibles. The one fostered the spirit of civil, the other of religious freedom. The British ministry wished to suppress the breathings of your fathers after civil liberty; your priests wish to suppress the breathings of you, their children, after religious freedom. And will you, the sons of noble sires, submit, in a land of freedom, to wear the galling chains of spiritual bondage? Will you submit to have these chains clanking around you to the grave—and when you die to have them bound upon your children, and for no earthly purpose but to sustain a priesthood and a hierarchy, for whose utter overthrow the civil and religious interests of the nations, and the temporal and eternal interests of our race, are calling aloud to Heaven?

If so, with a slight variation, mine will be the language of the pious Jeremiah, who had the civil and the religious welfare of his people equally at heart; "O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the blindness and folly of my people."

My letters are ended. I commit them to you, Roman Catholics, and to the blessing of Almighty God.

With great respect, yours,
N. Y. Observer.

From Zion's Advocate.

Our Pastor.

I looked dark in the Pastor's study as he entered it one Friday evening not long since. And well it might look dark, for his meditations were gloomy, and he saw no star of hope to cheer him in the distance. The truth was, his scanty supper had been disposed of with a conversation between himself and wife on the pressing and immediate wants of the family. There was not flour enough to make another loaf of bread, the last piece of butter was on the table, and to say nothing of other necessities in this line, it was plain enough that several additional articles of wearing apparel were loudly called for to render the family even comfortable for the winter.

The Pastor did not reproach his wife for calling his attention to these things. Neither could he accuse her of ignorance or insensibility in regard to their true condition. No, for she had just told him of her resolution to appropriate her ten dollars of "wedding fees" to the unavoidable wants of the family, and fix up her old cloak for another year's service.

But still it was dark in the Pastor's study. And yet not so dark, literally, as to prevent him from tracing distinctly, the outlines of an empty pocket; not so dark as to obscure the record on his memory that the last barrel of flour had not yet been paid for, and that this formed only one item in a bill at Mr. D—'s store which had been running for some time. Nor was it so dark that he could not recognize Brother B., who just then passed in his wagon on his return from the city.

The Pastor sat down and thus held communion with himself. How can I live here with my present means of support? And yet, with my limited congregation, and the usual amount of salary paid in neighboring parishes, I cannot have the face to ask for more. Shall I then seek another field of labor? This I dare not think of doing.—The congregation has been gradually increasing under my ministry, the church seems united and prosperous. I cannot doubt that providence has assigned me this post. I have every reason to believe, from the kind expressions of the people, and their regular attendance on my ministry, that it would be a grief to them to have me leave.

And yet, there is one thing that I cannot disguise—a fact that I cannot account for. I have received far less in presents this year than formerly. While there is no apparent diminution in the confidence and love of the people, there has been a great diminution in such marks of their favor as called forth the gratitude of my pockets as well as my heart. Year before last we had butter enough sent in by one and another, to last through the winter. This year we have received but one small box as a gift. And what makes it still worse, one pound costs now nearly as much as two did then. One year I recollect we had so much fresh meat sent in about Thanksgiving time, that our chief source of anxiety was to know what we should do with it. Our anxiety this year has been of a nature entirely different.

The Pastor felt that the people were under no obligation to continue such favors, and that he had no reason to complain. He did not complain. Still he could not conceal from himself the fact, that what was not a gratuity in the necessities of life must be paid for; and that a bushel of neighbor E.'s chencagoes, with the "best wishes" of the donor, would go quite as far in his family as a bushel for which he had to pay a round half-dollar. The chine of pork for which he paid 48 cents that very day, was no sweeter—no more nourishing than those that came in during the year of plenty almost as often as a porker died in the parish. But it was useless to think of these things now. Something must be done to meet present emergencies. There must be some flour, or before Monday the family would be destitute of bread. Could he with a clear conscience ask Mr. D— for another barrel, while the last remained unpaid for, and while he had but small hopes of being able to meet his present debts at the close of the year?

In his perplexity he fell on his knees and commended himself and his family anew to Him who hears the young ravens when they cry. Long and fervently he prayed, until his feelings were calmed, his faith was invigorated, and a cluster of rich promises told him to cast all his care on the Lord and go forward. He seemed to feel an assurance that God would provide—but in what way he was entirely ignorant.

Just as he was leaving the study to go out on his trying mission, he was summoned by the announcement that the clerk of Mr. D— wished to speak with him at the door. He had long been expecting such a call, and no inference could be more natural under the circumstances, than that the bill at the village store was sent in for payment. No wonder that his faith wavered,

and that he went to the door with a heavy heart.

We have already mentioned that farmer B., a member of the church, and a true friend of the Pastor, had returned from the city in the early part of the evening. It is only necessary to relate the substance of a conversation that took place at the fire side that evening, to account for the call of Mr. D—'s clerk on the afflicted Pastor.

Not long after Mr. B.'s return, Mr. A., another member of the church, called in to hear the news, and especially to inquire about the state of the markets. After Mr. B. had named the prices at which he had disposed of the different articles of his load, Mr. A. remarked, that whatever other folks might say about hard times, the farmers had certainly no cause of complaint. Seventy cents for potatoes, twenty-two cents for butter, nine and ten cents for pork, &c., didn't sound much like the prices at which these things ranged a few years ago.

"Very true," replied farmer B., "and now as you have introduced the subject, I will give you some of my reflections on my way home, and some of their practical results." He then stated that he had been comparing the fruits or rewards of his labors the past year, with those of some former years. Three or four years ago he sold his potatoes for twenty and twenty-five cents per bushel. Then butter was ten and twelve and a half cents—now twenty and twenty-two cents per pound. Pork then brought six or seven cents—now it was quick at eight and nine. And this same proportion held in most articles. It had cost him but little if any more to cultivate his farm this year than in former years. And now look at the result:

100 bushels of potatoes at 70 cts.,	\$70 00
75 lbs. butter at 20 cents,	15 00
150 lbs. cheese at 10 cents,	15 00
375 lbs. pork at 9 cents,	33 75
	\$133 75
According to the prices of some former years, the following result would appear:	
100 bushels potatoes at 25 cts.,	\$25 00
75 lbs. butter at 12 1-2 cts.,	9 37 1-2
150 lbs. cheese at 7 cts.,	10 50
375 lbs. pork at 7 cts.,	26 25
	\$71 12 1-2

Now, said Mr. B., add to these beef, hain, grain, apples, poultry, &c., &c., and I think with you, brother A., that we farmers ought not to complain of hard times.

"But," he continued, "these calculations have let me into another secret which it may be important for me as well as you to know." He then mentioned that with the same number of cows as formerly, and the same family to provide for as in former years, he found that his butter and cheese not only commanded a larger price, but there was more in quantity. This he was about to ascribe to the superior economy of his wife, when it flashed upon him that he had sold the whole, and given none to the minister. He could hardly account for it—certainly it was not that he prized him less highly than in former years. No, no, his heart couldn't deceive him here. But why was it? Could it be possible that because everything was quick in the market, he had forgotten to save a cheese and a few pounds of butter for their good pastor? Such a thing had never been known with him before. Perhaps others in the parish had done the same thing. And then, to think that their pastor must not only buy, but buy at a high price also. No wonder that Mr. D— refused to pay his subscription for preaching the other day, because, as he intimated, "Ministers are not over punctual in paying their debts." He saw, also, that his pastor meant something, when in a late conversation, he said that "salaried men fared worse than any other class in these times."

The result was, Mr. B. said his mind was made up at once—and passing Mr. D—'s store on his way home, he left an X, with instructions to send a barrel of flour, and the remainder in groceries to their pastor. "And now," said he, "Brother A. you have been the benefit of my example, and before the first of January, we will see to it that the whole parish are prepared to wish their minister a happy new year with a clear conscience."

Perhaps, Mr. Editor, you may hear something more about this affair. By some means it leaked out that the pastor's wife had been on the point of losing her cloak, and one young man who had been married but a short time before, said he would have doubled the fee, if he had known that it was to be devoted to so necessary an object. However, New Year's day is just at hand and I believe the young folks are preparing to do their part towards carrying out the proposition of Mr. B. And in one thing, one whole parish are very much like him—when they set their minds on a thing, they do it.

Certainly there is a somewhat divine in the silence of the fields, and in that which is experienced on the tops of high hills, with the stars in sight. Such silence feels like the solemnity which the prophet Moses must have known when he was on the mount—a mortal waiting for the Lord God to speak.—Martyria.

What is True Pleasure?

The man whose heart is replete with pure and unaffected piety, who looks upon the great Creator of the universe in that just and amiable light which all his works reflect upon him, cannot fail of tasting the sublimest pleasure, in contemplating the stupendous and innumerable effects of his infinite goodness.

Whether he looks abroad on the moral or natural world, his reflections must still be attended with delight; and the sense of his own unworthiness, so far from lessening will increase his pleasures, while it places the forbearing kindness and indulgence of his Creator in a still more interesting point of view.

Here his mind may dwell upon the present, look back to the past, or stretch forward into futurity, with equal satisfaction; and the more he indulges contemplation, the higher will his delight arise. Such a disposition as this seems to be the most secure foundation on which the fabric of true pleasure can be built.

Next to the veneration of the Supreme Being, the love of human kind seems to be the most promising source of pleasure. It is a never failing one to him, who, possessed of this principle, enjoys all the power of indulging his benevolence; who makes the superiority of his fortune, his knowledge, or his power, subservient to the wants of his fellow creatures.

It is true, there are few whose power or fortune is so adequate to the wants of mankind, as to render them capable of performing acts of universal beneficence; but a spirit of universal beneficence may be possessed by all; the bounteous Author of nature has not proportioned the pleasure to the greatness of the effect, but to the greatness of the cause.

The contemplation of the beauties of the universe, the cordial enjoyment of friendship, the tender delights of love, and the rational pleasures of religion are open to all mankind and each of them seems capable of giving real happiness.

Cheap.

We find the following in some of our exchange papers:

"Give me freedom in everything, said a man to us a few days since. I have been a member of a church for forty years, and up to this time it has not cost me a penny.—That's what I call a free gospel."

This reminds us of an anecdote of Rev. Mr. S., a distinguished Methodist preacher well known in the West, who was remarkable for his piety and eloquence, as well as for his occasional eccentricities. He went to his rest a few years since after having labored long and faithfully in his Master's service.

On one occasion he was preaching with great fervor on the freeness of the gospel, and around him was an attentive congregation, with eager eyes turned to the preacher, and drinking every word into their souls. Among the rest was an individual who had always been more remarkable for opening his mouth to say amen than for opening his purse. Though he never gave money for the support of the gospel, yet he might be said to support the pulpit, for he always stood by it. He had, on this occasion, taken his usual place near the preacher's stand, and was making his responses with more than usual animation. After a burst of burning eloquence from the preacher, he clasped his hands and cried out in a kind of ecstasy, "Yes, thank God! I have been a Methodist for twenty-five years, and it hasn't cost me twenty-five cents." "God bless your stingy soul!" was the preacher's emphatic reply.—Louisville Exam.

INFLUENCE OF TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.—The following statistics from the *Albany Spectator*, will interest and encourage the friends of temperance:

There are more than 1,500,000 people in the United States who abstain from the use of ardent spirits and from furnishing it to others; more than 5,000 temperance societies, embracing more than 830,000 members. More than 2,000 distilleries have been stopped; more than 5,000 merchants have ceased to traffic in the poison, and more than 6,000 drunkards have ceased to use intoxicating drink. It is estimated that 30,000 persons are now sober, who had been on the point of losing her cloak, and one young man who had been married but a short time before, said he would have doubled the fee, if he had known that it was to be devoted to so necessary an object. However, New Year's day is just at hand and I believe the young folks are preparing to do their part towards carrying out the proposition of Mr. B. And in one thing, one whole parish are very much like him—when they set their minds on a thing, they do it.

The successes of intellectual effort are never so great as when aided by the associations that animate social converse.

If I meet with a calamity, it ceases to be a calamity, if God blesses me under it; and when by a trial in providence, God calls me to take up a cross he lines it with love, and I bear it with ease.

died with him by baptism into death; as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also shall walk in newness of life. For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection. If we be dead with Christ, we shall also live with him. Know that Christ, being raised from the dead, no more; death hath no more dominion over him. We learn from this passage the true import of baptism is entire consecration to the service of God, and that it represents, or is a figure of death, burial, and resurrection. The resurrection of Christ, of which baptism is a figure, is already described by the same apostle, he says: Behold I show you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. And I would not have ye ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so shall they also which sleep in Jesus with God bring with them. For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord, shall not prevent them which are asleep.—the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the trumpet, and the trumpet of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first; then we which are alive and remain shall be caught together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words. A. C.

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to say that your Vermifuge had the desired effect. In one instance, removing the almost incredible number of 151 of the large worms from one patient, in addition to its other tested qualities in my family, establish the efficacy of your Vermifuge as a

M. CARPENTER,

Mayor, Lancaster City.

PARALLEL IMPOSITION AND EFFRONTERY!

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the name of the article with mine. It is entirely different in composition, and does not possess the virtues and

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The Etna Company has Agents in most of the towns in the State, with whom insurance can be effected, Jan. 1847.

AMERICAN INSURANCE COMPANY—FIRE AND MARINE.

CAPITAL \$200,000. Office No. 8 Exchange Building, North of the State House, Hartford, will take Marine risks on terms as favorable as other companies. Office open for the transaction of business from the day and evening.

Following gentlemen compose the Board of Directors:—

Wm. A. Ward, John Warburton, Eliza Peck, Thomas Perkins, A. G. Hazard, E. G. Howe, Ellis Hills, DANIEL W. CLARK, President.

AMERICAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

North side State House Square, between U. S. Hotel and Eagle Tavern.

Institution is the oldest of the kind in the State, having been established more than 30 years. It is insured with a capital of \$1,000,000, which is invested in the most secure manner. It insures buildings, Churches, Dwellings, Stores, Merchandise, Furniture, Books, and personal property from loss or damage by fire, on the most favorable terms. The company will adjust and pay all its losses with promptness, and they endeavor to retain the confidence and patronage of the public. A wishing to insure their property, who reside in the United States, where this company has agents, may apply directly to the Secretary, and shall receive immediate attention. Following gentlemen are Directors of the Company:—

Philip Terry, James Goodwin, H. Huntington, Charles Russell, Huntington, Henry Kenney, J. S. Morgan, Wm. T. Lee, JUNIUS S. MORGAN, ELIPHALET TERRY, President.

Office No. 8 Exchange Building, Hartford, Jan. 1847.

Poetry.

From the S. W. Baptist Chronicle.

"Looking unto Jesus."

Christian, assailed by woe,
By sorrow and by sin;
Whom might might overflow
The lamp of faith within—
Oh! look to Jesus—He can roll
The clouds of darkness from thy soul.

Do storms surround thy way,
Or sorrow overhead?
Are terror and dismay
About thy footsteps spread?
Still look to Jesus—He will hear
Thy wailing cry; and calm thy fear.

Art thou bereft of all
That bless'd thee here below?
Do friends around thee fall,
Like wreaths of melting snow?
Look unto Jesus—He will be
The changeless friend of friends to thee!

Art thou richly blest
With all thou couldst desire;
Is every wish at rest,
And quenched ambition's fire?
Look unto Jesus—Only He
Can make these benefits to thee.

Do balmy gales alone
Around thee dwelling sigh?
Is summer sunshine thrown
But from a summer sky?
"Thou Jesus, with smiling face,
Hath blessed thee with His richest grace."

Do friends around thee live,
Like blossoms bloomed by rain;
And still love's income give,
To win back love again?
Oh! look to Christ! and He will be
The best beloved friend to thee.

Then, Christian, softly raise
Thy rapturous songs above;
The Lord, thy Saviour, praise
For all His wondrous love!
Ever to Jesus look, and He
Will kindly turn, and look on thee!

Religious & Moral.

Circular Letter.

The Litchfield Baptist Association, to the Churches of which it is composed, sends Christian Salutation.

DEAR BROTHERS—It is agreeable to long established custom for Baptist Associations to address annual epistles, upon topics of primary interest and importance in Christian faith or practice, to the several churches composing them. In this respect, we propose to tread in the footsteps of our venerated fathers, believing that such custom tends to foster the Christian spirit and character in the churches of Christ, and hoping that we may thus minister to our edification and happiness.

Be the subject, then, which shall claim your attention in this, our first annual epistle, *The Spirituality of the Church of Christ essential to its efficiency.*

It was the avowed object of the mission of Jesus Christ to our world, to "destroy the works of the devil." He came in the character of a Saviour, to rescue fallen man from a state of sinfulness, and from all the effects and consequences of transgression, and restore him to a state of reconciliation and allegiance to God, and to the full and eternal enjoyment of His favor. In the furtherance of this great object, he has been pleased to organize the Christian church; and has committed to it the treasure of the Gospel—"the word of reconciliation;" and issued his divine commission for her to publish it to the world, for the spiritual and eternal benefit of lost men.—To her he has assigned the important and responsible duty of maintaining his worship, his ordinances and institutions, as delivered by him, and of preserving the order and purity of his house, for the spiritual edification and comfort of his disciples. He requires her, by bearing much fruit to glorify his holy name, and exhibit to the world the saving power and high moral excellence of his holy religion. Through her he designs to display, to the whole intelligent universe, the exceeding riches of God's grace, "in his kindness toward us through Christ Jesus."

In view of these high and solemn responsibilities, we may well exclaim, "Who is sufficient for these things?" And it may properly be replied, that, without divine aid, no human instrumentality is competent to sustain responsibilities so vast. And Christ himself, who perfectly understood their nature and extent, has said to his disciples, "As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye abide in me. I am the vine, ye are the branches; he that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing."

An order, therefore, that the church of Christ may be qualified to be an instrumentality which may be effectively employed in the accomplishment of his grand designs, he has conferred upon her certain important and appropriate endowments.—She is organized of those who are "born of God," and who, "as lively stones, are built up a spiritual house, a holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ." It is an essential characteristic of all whom Christ will recognize as members of his church, that they are "born of the Spirit." And the spirituality of the church of Christ is the most important of its endowments. This consists in the possession of the Spirit of Christ, as a vital influence, by which the disciples of Christ are united to him, by which they are constantly governed, and to which they are in cheerful and entire subjection. It comprises a harmonious adjustment of the whole moral nature to the character and will of Christ, so that a temper and disposition of mind like that of Christ is possessed.

ed. In this condition the disciple of Christ has "fellowship with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ," both by a correspondence in the emotions of their hearts, and by a hearty acquiescence and complacency, on the part of the disciple, in all that is known of the divine character, purposes, and operations. Such are the "temples of the Holy Ghost," and "the life that they now live in the flesh, they live by the faith of the Son of God." And this spirituality—this dwelling of Christ in the hearts of his people—is essential to the efficiency of the church, as such. It is both all-sufficient, and indispensable to her efficiency, in relation to all the great objects for which she has been instituted.

This is true in respect to the edification and comfort of the members of which the church is composed.

High and vastly important attainments in divine things, are possible to the believer, beyond those which he enjoys as an immediate result of his regeneration; and it is both his duty and privilege to make these attainments. This is most plainly intimated in such passages as the following: "And he gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ;—till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ; that we henceforth be no more children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive; but, speaking the truth in love, may grow up into him in all things which is the head, even Christ; from whom the whole body fitly joined together, and compacted by which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love." Nor were such attainments the exclusive privilege of believers in the apostolic age, as an indolent and lukewarm spirit may lead some at the present day to imagine; but they are equally possible to all believers in every age; and their imperious duty. It is not agreeable to the genius, the tendency nor design of the holy religion of Christ, that real Christians, in any age, should remain mere babes in divine things, or exhibit a stunted and dwarfed growth in piety. This religion, in all its operations on the heart, evinces a power and constant tendency to assimilate the whole man to Christ, and to confer upon its possessor the most perfect and constant happiness—joy that is "unspeakable and full of glory." This is the privilege of primitive believers. Why should it not be ours? Let it not be forgotten, that an indolent neglect to make these attainments, is severely rebuked in the word of God.—The case of the church of Laodicea should be a solemn warning to every lukewarm disciple. It is true, indeed, that the world, the flesh and the devil oppose all their united influence to our securing these invaluable attainments. But these may and should be overcome. And there is, perhaps, no instrumentality of which we can avail ourselves, which is better calculated to aid us in overcoming our spiritual foes, and in making these attainments, than the united influence of a spirit of holy devotion and an example of ardent piety, exhibited to us in the church of Christ. Possessing a common union with Christ, united to each other by covenant vows and devoted affection, encountering similar difficulties, and engaged in like conflicts, under the command of the same blessed Master, it is impossible that Christians should not exert an important influence on each other, for good or for evil. If, therefore, the church of Christ be deeply imbued with the Holy Spirit, what can more effectively check a spirit of worldliness, break the spell of spiritual sloth, or reprove the backslider, than her impressive and constant exhibition of what he should be, in striking contrast with what he is. Or what can more encourage and comfort the heart of the disciple of Christ, inflame his holy zeal, or excite emotions of heavenly joy, than the society, influence, and example of such a company of fellow disciples. Being surrounded by such a "cloud of witnesses," he will be constrained to "lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset him, and run with patience the race that is set before him, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of his faith." But let the church be bereft of her spirituality, and what reproof can she offer to the backslider; what inspiring motive to the lukewarm; what encouragement and comfort can she administer to the desponding heart; or how can a holy joy be derived from her influence and society? Alas! she is bereft of all her moral power, like as Samson was bereft of his strength, when shorn of his locks. And as well might one embrace an iceberg, in the hope of obtaining warmth, as seek for comfort and encouragement in the divine life, from intercourse with her.

The spirituality of the church is equally necessary to her preserving purity in the faith and practice of the gospel.

Let a church become formal and carnal in the spirit by which she is governed, and she will soon adopt a carnal policy, and worldly maxims and expedients, instead of the gospel and example of Christ, for her rule in faith and practice. She will learn to consult her own ease and convenience; instead of crucifying the flesh, with the affections and lusts, and denying herself, taking up the cross and following Christ, in humble and undeviating obedience to all his commands. She will dare to lay unholoed hands on God's word, and write non-essential against his plain commands. She will court the favor of wicked men, to the sacrifice of gospel faith and practice, in-

stead of daring to plant herself upon the foundation of the prophets and apostles, and unfurl her banner before the blood-stained cross of the despised Jesus, and face the scorn and contempt of the world. She will thus open wide her doors for the inroads of error, and the cause of the adorable Jesus will lie bleeding beneath her feet. The history of papal Rome, and every other instance of degeneracy in the church is replete with impressive instruction and awful warning on this subject. It is only as she is spiritual, that the church will be an efficient instrumentality in maintaining the worship and institutions of Christ in their purity. This, and nothing short of this, can lead her heartily to acquiesce in all the will of Christ, and to prefer obedience to him infinitely above her own ease and convenience. And it is by such an instrumentality, that it has pleased Christ to perpetuate the purity of his worship and institutions, and to preserve his precious word unadulterated, amid all the degeneracy and corruptions of the world, and in spite of all the efforts of wicked men to blot out the pure light of his glorious truth.

The spirituality of the church is also indispensable to the maintenance of a proper discipline among her members.

Christ has entrusted his church with the exercise of discipline over her own members, in order to her union, comfort, and moral purity. And he has given certain laws regulating its exercise; which require her not to suffer sin upon a brother, whatever his standing, influence or wealth; but to seek, in the exercise of Christian love, the restoration of an offending brother, with the least possible exposure of his wrongs. See Matt. 18: 15-17. The maintenance of discipline in the church, in strict conformity to such principles, under the present imperfect state of human nature, requires much spirituality. With this, selfishness would spare the rich, from a fear of losing his pecuniary aid; or a false delicacy withhold the needful reproof; or a spirit of retaliation seek revenge, and publish the faults of a brother to the world.—Alas! how sadly has the church been rent, and how grievously has she suffered, from a want of spirituality in the performance of this part of her duty!

Lastly, the spirituality of the church of Christ is necessary to her efficiency in the dissemination of his gospel, and the advancement of his kingdom in the world. This will render her the "light of the world," and "the salt of the earth." It is this, and this alone, that will qualify her to wield, with resistless power and energy, the "sword of the Spirit." It is when a preached gospel shall be "commended to every man's conscience in the sight of God," by the holy lives and spiritual character of its professed friends—when they may be referred to as "living epistles of Christ, written with the spirit of the living God, known and read of all men,"—testifying to the transforming energy, and heavenly excellence of the religion of Jesus, in a manner that all their adversaries cannot gainsay nor resist, that error and infidelity will quail, and stand abashed in their presence, and multitudes of convicted sinners will cry out, as in primitive times, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" It is this spirit of Christ in his church, and this alone, that will unclench the hand of covetousness, and cause the treasury of the Lord to overflow with the means requisite to give the gospel to the hundreds of millions of our race that are perishing for lack of the bread of life. This will qualify us to offer to God the "effectual, fervent prayer, that availeth much." This is Zion's strength and glory. Do we talk of feeble churches and discouraging circumstances, when we survey the field of our labor? We read of no such gospel churches in primitive times, unless it be such as have declined in spirituality. Possessed of the Spirit of Christ, the church is armed with strength sufficient to enable her to overcome all the opposition which the combined powers of earth and hell can array against her. It is only when bereft of this, that she is weak. It is then that her right arm is paralyzed, and the sword of her defence and conquest is powerless in her hand. Feeble she cannot be, whatever her wealth or numbers, unless her "sins have separated between her and her God," and cause him to "hide his face" from her; for Christ has founded her on himself, as on a rock of eternal ages, and has declared that "the gates of hell shall not prevail against her." The church of Christ feels! No; never! so long as he lives, who was dead, and is alive again, and holds the keys of hell and of death, and she abides in him, and possesses his spirit.

If, then, beloved brethren, we find occasion to complain of our feebleness and inefficiency, and want of comfort, it is because we have "forsaken the fountain of living waters;" and we are called upon, by all that is valuable in the prosperity of a Saviour's cause, and by all that is important in the salvation of sinners, to humble ourselves before God, and "repent, and do our first works." And may the Great Head of the Church be graciously pleased to pour out this Holy Spirit upon us, that his Church may again rejoice in him, and appear "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners!"

A Christmas Tale.

While the last generation was flourishing, there dwelt in what is now a famous city not a mile from Boston, an opulent widow lady, who once afforded a queer manifestation of that odd compound of incompatibles, called "human nature."

It was a Christmas eve, one of those old-fashioned winters which were so "bitter cold." The old lady put on an extra shawl; and as she hugged her shivering frame, she said to her faithful negro servant—

"It is a terrible cold night, Scip. I am afraid my poor neighbor, widow Green, Scip. Fill it full of wood. Pile on a good load, and tell the poor woman to keep herself warm and comfortable. But before you go, Scip, put some more wood on the fire; and make me a nice mug of flip."

These last orders were duly obeyed; and the old lady was thoroughly warmed, both inside and out. And now the trusty Scipio was about to depart on his errand of mercy, when his considerate mistress interposed again.

"Stop, Scip. You need not go now. The weather has moderated."

Here is a lesson for all who are lapped in luxury, and who have "more than heart could wish," not to harden themselves against the sufferings of the needy, and become forgetful of the sorrows of the destitute. No selfishness is more hateful than the selfishness of riches in the midst of poverty.—*Bost. Recorder.*

A Courtious Retort.

A Baptist minister from England, says the Philadelphia Chronicle, who was settled some years since in that city, was distinguished in his native country for disinterested labor, and ready wit. He devoted several years of the last part of his life to gratuitous labor in a populous town about three miles from his residence, to which place he walked every Lord's day morning, preached three times, and then walked home. On one Lord's day morning, as he walked along, meditating on his sermons for the day, he met one of those important personages, called parish priests, a race happily unknown, at least, in the plenitude of his persecutive power, in this country.

"Well," said his reverence, "I suppose you are on your way to your preaching again?"

"Yes, sir," was the modest reply of the humble Baptist minister.

"It is high time the government took up this subject, and put a stop to this kind of travelling preaching; indeed, there is something like it intended."

"They will have rather hard work, sir," said the imperturbable Baptist.

"I am not very sure of that," rejoined the priest; "at any rate, I will see whether I cannot stop you myself."

"I judge," said the worthy man, "you will find it more difficult than you suppose. Indeed, there is but one way to stop my preaching, but there are three ways to stop yours."

"What, fellow, do you mean by that?" asked his reverence, in a towering passion.

"Why, sir," replied the little Baptist preacher, with most provoking coolness, "why, sir, there is but one way of stopping my preaching, that is by cutting my tongue out. But there are three ways to stop yours; for, take your book from you, and you can't preach; take your gown from you, and you dare not preach; take your pay from you, and you won't preach."

The parson vanished.

* This conversation occurred just before Lord Sidmouth's attempt to stop itinerant preaching, in 1812.

Healer of Breaches.

Happy shall that disciple of our compassionate Lord be, whom he shall most eminently own, in healing the breaches which the artificers of the tempter, too often abetted by the infirmities of God's faithful servants, have already made in the church, and which the great enemy is continually endeavoring to multiply and to widen; happy he who, reverencing and loving his Master's image wherever he sees it, shall teach others so to do, and who being himself an example of yielding (so far as he conscientiously can), and of not taking upon him to ensure others where he cannot yield to them, shall do his part towards cementing in the bonds of holy love all the children of God, and the members of Christ; how unsuccessful soever his efforts may be, or by whatever suspicious and reproachful names his moderation may be stigmatized, his Divine Master will neither fail to consider it in its true view, nor to honor it with proportionate tokens of his acceptance and favor.

Freedom and Slavery.

Dr. Ruffner, of Virginia, in his able address to the people of West Virginia in favor of abolishing slavery there, makes a comparison of the two sections of the Great Valley lying between the Alleghenies and the Blue Ridge. This valley is divided by the Potomac river, that part lying South of the river, in Virginia, having an area of 10,000 miles, cultivated by slave labor, and the part lying North, in Maryland and Pennsylvania, and extending to the Susquehanna, an area of 5,000 square miles, cultivated by free labor, with the exception of a very few slaves in the Maryland section.—We have prepared the following table to show the growth of the two divisions.

	Virginia.	Northern.
Population in 1820,	154,000	129,500
" " 1840,	175,000	179,500
Numerical increase,	21,500	49,000
Percentage per cent.,	14	38
Population to sq. mile,	17.5	35

The free labor section therefore, which is twice as thickly settled, has gained three times as much in population. The difference in regard to wealth is doubtless still greater, and of intelligence and social advancement greatest of all.

Dr. Ruffner then shows, from the Census table, that the agriculture of W. Pennsylvania produces \$919 to the hand, and that in W. Virginia they only make \$158 to the hand. The iron-masters of W. Virginia make 14,660 tons, and of W. Pennsylvania 116,530 tons. Those of W. Virginia make a profit of 70 per cent. on their capital, and

make \$390 worth to the hand; those of W. Pennsylvania make 109 per cent. profit, and make \$720 worth to the hand. The whole value of manufactures in W. Virginia is \$777,000; while in W. Pennsylvania it is six millions. Wheeling, the only town of any note in W. Virginia, must become six times as large as it is, to equal Pittsburgh; and must grow five times as fast as it does, to keep along with it.

All this passes and has been passing for 25 years before the eyes of the statesmen and divines of the South; they see as clearly as possible that slavery impoverishes a state. And yet they are in no degree prepared to look at the subject of abolishing slavery. Why then do Northern dreamers try to delude us with the idea that all which is needed to make the South give up slavery is to see that it is for their interest to do so, because, we are gravely told, men always act in favor of their interest. The truth is, there are passions, lusts, habits and prejudices in favor of slavery, which are tenfold more powerful in their influence than mere pecuniary interest.—*Boston Reporter.*

Remedy for the Potato Rot.
In 1846, one of the editors of this paper planted potatoes on land manured with manure tanner's manure, which contains a good deal of lime. The crop was healthy and good, while other fields in the vicinity were diseased. In considering what it was, in the tanner's manure, that protected the potatoes from disease, he came to the conclusion that it was principally the lime. Accordingly, in the Spring of 1847, after his potatoes were up and ready for the first hoeing, he put about a pint of shell lime (slacked) on each hill, having previous to planting, ploughed in a moderate dressing of stable manure. The result was, 200 bushels of the finest potatoes to the acre,—mealy and sound, on land naturally poor and sandy. They continue sound and good. We were about to state these facts for the benefit of others, when we met with the following in the American Agriculturist for Jan. 1848 (just issued).

"This is a remedy against the rot, which so far as we have heard, has proved infallible. We have published it twice already in the Agriculturist, but not a farmer out of a thousand seems to have yet heard of it; for the special benefit, therefore, of the ignorant nine hundred ninety and nine, we intend to insert the remedy two or three times more. It is simply this:—

"When the seed is dropped, sprinkle about a pint of slacked lime over it in each hill, and then cover it.

There is this value about the lime, if it does not prevent the rot in the potato, it will be worth its cost and the labor of application in fertilizing the land."

The mode of applying the lime, or rather the time of doing it, recommended by the Agriculturist, is different from ours, and may possibly be the best, though we are not sure of it. We would prefer that the lime should not come in immediate contact with either the seed or vines. In addition to the remark of the Agriculturist as to the value of lime as a manure, even if it does not protect from disease, we would observe, that it is especially adapted to the potato, imparting to the tubers that ingredient which makes them mealy, and which is particularly needed on sandy soils. Potatoes of the first quality are now worth 75 cents and upwards per bushel, and will probably be a dollar in the Spring. At these prices, they are the most profitable crop that can be raised. But if the application of lime is as efficacious as we suppose, and it should be generally adopted, the price would come down to nearly its former level.—*Jour. of Com.*

BE PARTICULAR ABOUT DATES.—A Scotch trader who had amassed, as he believed \$4,000, was surprised by his clerk with a balance sheet, showing his fortune to be \$6,000.

"It canna be," said the principal; "count again."

The clerk again declared the balance to be \$6,000. The master counted himself, and he also brought out a surplus of \$6,000. Still he had a lurking doubt of the existence of the extra \$2,000; so one night he set down to give the columns "one count more." At the close of his task he jumped up, and rushed through the streets in a shower of rain to the house of his clerk. The clerk's head, capped and drowsy, emerged from an attic window, at the sound of his midnight visitor.

"Who's there?" he mumbled, "and what do you want?"

"It's me, ye scoundrel!" exclaimed the employer, "ye've added up the year of our Lord among the poots!"—*Charleston News.*

POSITIVELY DELICIOUS.—A Sunday paper published in Cincinnati, gives the following as a correct version, for the use of all doubting husbands of the "Wife's Commandments."

Listen:

1. Thou shalt have no other wife but me.

2. Thou shalt not take into thy house any beautiful brazen image of a servant girl, to bow down to her and serve her, for I am a jealous wife, visiting, &c.

3. Thou shalt not take the name of thy wife in vain.

4. Remember thy wife and keep her respectably.

5. Honor thy wife's father and mother.

6. Thou shalt not fret.

7. Thou shalt not find fault with the dinner.

8. Thou shalt not chew tobacco.

9. Thou shalt not be behind thy neighbor.

10. Thou shalt not visit the rum tavern, thou shalt not covet the tavern keeper's

rum, nor his brandy, nor his gin, nor his whisky, nor his wine, nor any thing that is behind the bar of the rumrunner.

11. Thou shalt not visit Billiard Hall, neither for worshipping in the dance, nor heaps of money on the table.

And the twelfth Commandment is, Thou shalt not stay out later than 9 o'clock at night.

SHOEING THE PEOPLE.—The total number of boots and shoes made in Massachusetts in the year 1846, was—20,896,573—say 21 millions. Their value, \$14,799,140—say 15 millions, besides about 5 millions of dollars worth of leather, lasts, shoepegs and India rubber shoes. The number of boots and shoes would furnish a pair for every man, woman and child in the United States. The Western shoe-dealers have found themselves unable to obtain their full supplies this fall, and the price has advanced from 10 to 15 per cent. An advance of only 10 per cent. would afford a snug bonus of a million and a half of dollars to distribute among our shoemakers. Every dollar of this 15 millions is earned by hard labor.—*Bost. Rep.*

Physician and Surgeon.
J. C. JACKSON, M.D., late of Philadelphia respectfully offers his services to the citizens of Hartford and vicinity. Having enjoyed the advantages of the extensive practice of Pennsylvania Hospital, Wills Hospital, and several Dispensaries in that city, he feels competent to treat disease in any of its forms. Office Union Hall Building, Main street, where he may be found during the night.

Sept. 17, 1847.

B. A. FAHNESTOCK'S VERMIFUGE.

THIS preparation has now been before the public nearly twenty years. Its great intrinsic merits have steadily increased the sale and use of it, and it now enjoys a prominent position in the public favor.

CERTIFICATE OF THE MAYOR OF THE CITY OF LANCASTER.

Lancaster City, July 2d, 1844.

Messrs. B. A. FAHNESTOCK & Co.,

Gentlemen—Several of the younger branches of my family laboring under symptoms indicating worms, induced the acquisition of various tractors, and I am happy to say that your Vermifuge had the desired effect in one instance, removing the almost incredible number of 151 of the large worms from a patient, which in addition to its other tested qualities in my family, establish the efficacy of your Vermifuge as a cure.

M. CARPENTER,
Mayor, Lancaster City.

UNPARALLELED IMPORTATION AND EFFICIENCY!
An individual named S. Fahnestock has repeatedly asserted that the article which he calls "Dr. S. Fahnestock's Vermifuge," is the same or equal to the Vermifuge prepared by B. A. Fahnestock & Co.

The public are assured that this is a BASE FALSEHOOD, and are hereby cautioned against confounding the spurious article with mine. It is entirely different in its composition, and does not possess the virtues and powers of my preparation.

B. A. FAHNESTOCK.

For sale in Hartford by HARVEY SEYMOUR, C. W. BUTLER & CO., and other respectable druggists, and by one agent in every town in the State.

B. A. FAHNESTOCK & CO., Proprietors,
138 No. 49 John st., New York.

ATNA INSURANCE COMPANY,

INCORPORATED in 1819, for the purpose of insuring against loss and damage by Fire only; Capital \$250,000, secured and vested in the best possible manner—offer to take risks on terms as favorable as other Offices. The business of the Company is principally confined to risks in the country, and is therefore undisturbed by the fluctuations of the market, and is not exposed to great losses by sweeping fires. The Office of the Company is kept in their new Building, next west of Trem's Exchange Coffee House, State street, where constant attendance is given for the accommodation of the public.

The Directors of the Company are—
Daniel W. Clark, President,
Samuel Tudor, Vice President,
James Pratt, Treasurer,
James Thomas, Secretary,
Wm. Woodbridge, John L. Russell,
Joseph Church, E. A. Bolkeley,
Silas H. Hamilton, Roland Mather,
Frederick Taylor, E. G. Ripley.

THOMAS K. BRACE, President
S. L. Loomis, Secretary.

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company has Agents in most of the Towns in the State, with whom insurance can be effected.

Hartford, Jan. 1847.

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Wm. Kellogg, Thomas Belknap,
Lemuel Humphrey, A. G. Hazard,
Benjamin W. Greene, E. G. Howe,
Willie Thrall, E. H. Hall.

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WILLIAM CONNER, Secretary,
Hartford, Jan. 1847.

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Office North side State House Square, between U S Hotel and Eagle Tavern.

THIS Institution is the oldest of the kind in the State having been established more than 30 years. It is incorporated with a capital of \$150,000, which is invested and secured in the best possible manner. It insures Public Buildings, Churches, Dwelling, Stores, Merchandise, Furniture, Books, and personal property generally, from loss or damage by Fire, on the most favorable and satisfactory terms.

The company will adjust and pay all its losses with liberality and promptitude, and thus endeavor to retain the confidence and patronage of the public.

Persons wishing to insure their property, who reside in any town in the United States, where this company has no Agent, may apply directly to the Secretary, and their proposals shall receive prompt consideration.

The following gentlemen are Directors of the Company:
Elihu Terry, James Goodwin,
S. H. Huntington, Charles Boswell,
H. Huntington, Henry Keeney,
Albert Day, Wm. T. Lee.

James G. Rolles, Secretary,
Hartford, Jan. 1847.

Monuments.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, Marble Manufacturer, of Hartford and Litchfield Counties, respectfully announces to the citizens of Hartford, and the public generally, that he has opened an establishment at 22 Main street, (directly opposite Union Hotel), where he will manufacture at the lowest possible prices, all kinds of MONUMENTS AND GRAVE STONES, of the best American and Foreign Marble.

Cypress Tablets, Curved Slabs, Mantels, Cornices, Piers, Bases and Columns, Tops of Egyptian, Italian, or any other kind of Foreign Marble, and all may be performed, executed at short notice, and in a superior style of workmanship.

All persons in want of any kind of work in the Marble line, are respectfully requested to call and examine his styles of workmanship before purchasing elsewhere.

Monuments delivered to any yard in the city, free of charge.

Jan. 31, 1847.

THE LAND OF JUDEA.

"At this rudimental stage in the history of the world, the kingdoms were and those who governed them, were identified by the name of kings, were chiefs. We recollect an individual, said to be the insignificance of a of Judea—from whence he went